

The Mirror
or
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 20.]

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1845.

[VOL. I, 1845.



CYCLOPEAN APEUS, DELOS.

THE CYCLOPEAN ARCH AT DELOS.

We this week submit a scene, striking from its wildness, and memorable from its antiquity, but especially interesting to the votaries of the muses, as it is a scene from Delos, the place which was honoured by the possession of the most celebrated oracle perhaps that ever existed in the world, that of Apollo.

Some lucky hits, like Mr. Murphy's guesses at the weather, possibly first gave it fame. Rich presents, destined for the god, and most welcome to his faithful servants, the priests, were sent from all parts by those who wished to gain wisdom from the oracle. In our days the editor of a weekly newspaper is applied to with like eagerness, though we doubt if the offerings at his shrine, are quite so valuable as those formerly made at that of Apollo.

From the oracle, wisdom certainly, in some cases, proceeded. For instance, it is mentioned by Herodotus, that the Athenians, when they appeared there in quality of conquerors, were ordered to purify the place, which they did by causing all the lead bodies to be taken up and conveyed for burial to places out of sight of the temple. If Apollo and his oracle had temporarily established themselves at Spafides, instead of Delos, their presence would not have been unacceptable.

It was in Delos that Apollo was supposed to have his summer residence. During the winter he preferred Patura, a city of Lycia. In the former place, however, that was found which must have been an object of great veneration with his votaries, namely, an altar built by the god himself, when, according to worldly computation, he was only four years of age. It was distinguished by being kept free from blood. Though formed of the horns of the goats, which had been killed by Diana on Mount Cythrus, no animal was to be slaughtered there. The whole island was an asylum for all living creatures, those excepted who would not be at peace with others. Dogs were in consequence excluded, and hares abounded at Delos.

The island was deemed sacred. When the Persians laid waste other islands in its vicinity, this was spared. Datis, the Persian naval commander, refused to cast anchor in its harbour. Here the poets and musicians resorted, to solicit the favour of Apollo, which, it was believed, could be obtained nowhere else. His temple, according to Strabo, began by Erysiaphus, the son of Cenops, 1550 B. C., is said by Plutarch to have been one of the most stately buildings in the universe, and to have deserved a place among the seven wonders of the world. Here his celebrated statue rose, which was for ages the wonder and admiration of strangers. Though cut

out of a single block of marble, its size was great; the shoulders were six feet broad, the thighs nine feet in length. Magnificent porticos round the temple, were raised at the expense of princes who had profited from the outpourings of the oracle; and here from the neighbouring islands a train of virgins annually repaired to celebrate with solemn dances his glory, and that of his sister Diana, and to make offerings to both from the several cities to which they belonged.

The Phoenicians, driven by Joshua from the land of Canaan, are said to have found a resting-place in Delos. Anius, who was descended from Cadmus, reigned here during the Trojan war, and had by his wife Dorippe three daughters, who derived from Bacchus the power of changing whatever they touched into wine, wheat, seed, or oil. This monarch hospitably entertained Ulysses.

At the temple those who sought them, invoked the deities with downcast eyes, and countenances expressive of the deepest melancholy. Sometimes kneeling, they kissed the ground, or, holding branches, stretched out their hands towards heaven, or towards the god whose favour they invoked. Those who profaned the sacred rites, were pursued with much severity. Eschylus accused of having revealed the sacred mysteries in one of his tragedies, was obliged to fly, as was Diagoras and Protagoras. Prodicus, of Ceos, was condemned to drink poison; Anaxagoras imprisoned, and his life was only saved by the influence of Pericles; and Alcibiades was in great peril, being accused of having assisted to mutilate the statues of Mercury.

Come we now to a pictorial narrative of somewhat more modern date. Lady Grosvenor, in 1840-41, visiting the Mediterranean, and living in the streets between Great and Little Delos, writes thus of the scene presented on visiting the latter:

"After rambling about for four hours, we returned to the ship; and in the afternoon rowed in the barge to the Smaller Delos, where, close to the sea-shore, repose all the celebrated remains of the magnificent town and temples. All looked like ruin consequent upon an earthquake; immense masses of fragments lay heaped upon the plain, and gigantic blocks and columns of purely white marble, some fluted, some plain, bases, capitals, and cornices, every stage of fracture, were piled one upon another; but sadly broken and mutilated. Several buildings for burning lime standing among them, showed but too plainly how actively the work of destruction had been going on, independently of the ravages of time. The Turks burned the marble here, and shipped it away as a regular proceeding, besides converting a

great deal of it into cannon-balls for the Dardanelles and other places.

"An immense sort of bath, or vault, as a small room, with the edges remaining, and made out of one solid block of marble, was very striking and incomprehensible, unless Tournefort's surmise be right (as it very likely is), that it was the plinth of the base of the great statue of Apollo. His description proved, as usual, very exact, and we arrived, after a good deal of climbing, struggling with thorns, at the theatre, which is in comparatively good preservation, with a row of seven large subterranean vaults in front of it, the supposed intention of which was either as reservoirs for water, or dens for wild beasts."

The Cyclopean arch is supposed to have been one of the entrances to the citadel. Her ladyship says:—

"In sliding and scrambling down the descent from the citadel, we came upon the great Cyclopean archway, formed of blocks of granite, and supposed to have been one of the gateways to the citadel, and a guard-room for the soldiers. The large pieces of granite sloping against each other, and forming the roof, alone remain; all the rest is a mere mass of rock and ruins. It is conjectured that a marble staircase led from hence to the citadel, of which some traces are discernible."

SKETCHES IN THE BLACK FOREST. No. III.

THE KNEIBIS MOUNTAIN AND THE BATHS OF RIPPOLDSAN.

The Kniebis is not only the highest mountain in the "Black Forest," but also the most remarkable of all the vast acclivities which rear their gigantic heads on every side in that romantic region, whether for the richness and luxuriance of its woody mantle, the wild and fantastic beauties of its frowning crags and dark ravines, or the bold and imposing character of the scenery in its vicinity.

Encompassed on all sides as it is by a phalanx of minor elevations, it forms a kind of projecting link in the chain of hills which seem destined by nature as a mighty barrier between Alsace and the west of France, the district known under the denomination of the "Upper Rhine," and the interior of Germany—or rather as a backward intrenchment to the line of demarcation which the great river itself so justly termed "France's natural limit," by Napoleon, has here, in reality, established between the two countries for a considerable distance; how often, indeed, has the remote and peaceful "Valley of the Rench" been defiled and laid waste by the rude struggle and bloody turmoil of

conflicting armies? and when has war ever sounded its fearful clarion on the fruitful plain of the "Oberkheim," that the Kniebis Pass has not been held as the all important point alike of aggression and defence, and become the scene of the bloodiest carnage, from the thirty years' war, and war of the Palatinate, down to the memorable campaign of Moreau, Dessaix, and Laroche.

From the little watering-place of Griesbach, situated at its base on the west side, the Kniebis is of easy ascent to the pedestrian, by a serpentine path, which is chiefly used for dragging down the timber into the valley beneath.

A highly picturesque waterfall is the first interesting object which meets the eye of the traveller as he wends his way to the summit of the mountain; a sparkling rivulet gushes down the centre of a rocky and narrow ravine from a considerable elevation, its stream torn into a thousand channels by the projecting crag which would impede it in its resistless course, and overshadowed by the thicket of dark pine trees which surround it, giving an air of solemn and gloomy grandeur to the scene, and imparting their saffron hue to the reflecting waters beneath.

Upon the extreme verge of the summit of the mountain, and about an hour's walk from Griesbach, is the "Sophien Hulte," or "Sophia's Hut," a small, roughly-built wooden temple, erected by the grand duchess of Baden during one of her visits to Griesbach.

The prospect afforded from this spot is one of extreme beauty and surpassing grandeur. In the rear, and immediately in the foreground, the wild and tangled forest—the seemingly boundless expanse of bush and brake—the impenetrable thicket in which, according to the superstitious belief of the simple-minded and honest woodmen and glass blowers of the neighbourhood, the gigantic "Hollander Michel," in whose boots a tall man can stand upright and only just look out, or the sprightly little "Glasmanlein," scarce two feet high, and diligently transmitting fragrant odours from his crystal tobacco pipe, love to wander and carouse;* the little hamlet of Griesbach, nestled in its secluded dell at one's feet; the whole of the lovely valley of the Rench, with its craggy boundaries, raising their lofty summits on high,

* The former of these phantoms, "Hollander Michel, or Dutch Michel," is a grizzly man of gigantic stature, and is said always to appear in the garb of a boorman of the "Forest," a race who are employed during the summer in navigating long rafts composed of timber down the Nagold, Enz, and other rivers, which rise in this district, into the Rhine, and thence into Holland, for ship-building. Whilst the "Glasmanlein," or "Glasmanukin," a dapper little elf, assumes the peaked, crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and red stockings, of the less adventurous sons of the soil, who pursue the quieter and more sedentary occupations of glass-blowing, clock-making, &c.

their base clothed with verdure, and their highlands overshadowed with woody glades, meeting one's gaze beyond; and in the distance, the bright and fruitful plain of the Rhine, extending as far as the eye can reach in rich luxuriance; and the silvery course of the great river itself, with the innumerable towns and villages which people its banks; and the majestic tower of Strasburgh cathedral, distinctly visible, present a singularly diversified and attractive picture, of which the stately mountains of the Vosges form the background. Pursuing the path which continues across the table land, occupying for a short distance the summit of the mountain, and having emerged from the fir thicket into a part of the forest somewhat less entangled, and consequently now and then affording a charming glimpse of the wide range of hill and dale in its vicinity, and having passed the line between Baden and Wurtemburg boundary, one descends upon the other side into the valley of the Shappach, in which are situated the baths of Rippoldsaan. The waters are alkaline, and are held in high repute throughout the surrounding country; the enterprising spirit of the proprietor also, who bought the dwelling-houses and large estate adjoining, a few years since, of the prince of Furstenberg, has rendered this, perhaps, the most remotely-situated spa in Germany, one of the most generally resorted to and numerously frequented.

The establishment consists of four or five large houses, connected by covered galleries, in which the accommodations are upon the most luxurious and extensive scale, and in which nothing is wanting which can contribute to the amusement and recreation of the guests who annually flock to the spot; and of whom, in the height of the season, it is no unusual occurrence to see from two to three hundred congregated around the well-supplied table in the very handsome "Kursaal" of the establishment. Behind it, on the brow of the hill, is a pretty flower garden and green-houses, and walks have also been laid out, and seats erected in every part of the adjacent woods, from which a prospect may be obtained. A liberally supplied reading-room, billiard tables, &c., are also among the sources of diversion the place affords; a band of music is regularly engaged during the summer months, and the traveller feels himself half bewildered at finding many of the most refined amusements and comforts of civilised life in the very centre of the wildest and most remote district in Germany, the nearest town, Frenzenstadt, being more than twelve miles distant; so completely isolated and secluded, indeed, is this place of abode, that the owner is obliged to provide for even the commonest wants of his own

guests under his own roof, baking his own bread, killing his own meat, and even manufacturing his own candles.

About six miles across the hills, in a westerly direction, is the "Glaswalder See," a small lake, about a mile in circumference, and in the wildest and most secluded situation possible to imagine; the lofty range of hills around, forming a complete sylvan amphitheatre, and the monarchs of the forest darkly overshadowing it, and almost dipping their gigantic limbs into its limpid waters.

The traveller is also well repaid for his toil of scrambling up any of the rough and stony paths, made by the charcoal burners of the district, and generally occupying the bed of some rivulet, which trickles down into the lake beneath, by the superb prospect obtained from the summit of these acclivities, which form part of the southern side of the Kniebis; not only does the most extensive and luxuriant range of woodland scenery meet the eye, but the line of the Alps, and the pale and sickly white glaciers of the Bernese Oberland are just discernible in the extreme distance. Another interesting object in the neighbourhood is the falls of the "Fischfelsen," or "Fishrocks," a cascade formed by the waters of the little river Rensch, which take their source among the hills, rushing down, from a considerable elevation, into the valley beneath.

There is a very good carriage road over the Kniebis, from Griesbach to Rippoldsaan; but from the extremely circuitous track it is necessary to pursue, to surmount the acclivity, the distance is about double what it is by the foot-path; and the "Sophien Hulte," now walled up above a deep valley--now occupying a thickly overshadowed ravine--now traversing a dark and rocky gorge, anon pursuing its serpentine course through a rough and apparently impenetrable thicket, or threading its circuitous way between precipitous banks and rugged cliffs, the road at length opens upon a wild heath occupying the northern summit of the Kniebis ridge, and situated nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea previous to descending upon Rippoldsaan. The whole aspect of this morass is melancholy in the extreme; not a sound is perceptible to break the sad and solemn stillness of the dreary waste; not a single sign or token of the existence of ought endowed with vitality upon the whole of its wide expanse; all is gloom, loneliness, and desolation--the dark forest forming its extreme boundaries, and crossing the endless range of the hills upon the horizon, and at intervals some single lofty pine or stately fir tree, advancing as it were in solitary majesty into the foreground from amid the shadowy group in the rear.

Near the centre of this plain are the remains of a small fort or redoubt, erected by the duke of Wurtemberg in 1734, called the "Alexander-Schanze," or "Alexander's Fort," from the name of its founder. It was taken by the French under general Moreau, after the brilliant campaign of "the army of the Rhine," in 1796, and garrisoned for the defence of the Kniebis Pass. It was subsequently the scene of two obstinately contested engagements between the French under Dessaix and La Roche, and the advanced guard of the Austrians and Swabians; at length, after the treaty of Luneville, it was evacuated, and allowed to fall into its present condition.

Upon the confines of the heath is the little village of Kniebis, a scattered group of wretched huts, inhabited by about forty families. It is a singular fact, that from the frontier line of Baden and Wurtemberg, intersecting this little colony, its inhabitants are not only subjects of different countries, but they form two distinct religious communities, one half professing the Roman Catholic, the other the Lutheran faith. Although equally simple and patriarchal in their habits and manners as the other inhabitants of the "Black Forest," their reputation for integrity, order, and sobriety, does not stand nearly so high; but, on the contrary, they exhibit, like most dwellers upon moors and commons in all countries (a singular and incontestable fact), symptoms of a lawless and marauding disposition; and they stand in such evil repute with the surrounding peasantry, that any devastation committed in the "Forest," such as stripping the bark off the trees, stealing wood or charcoal, or poaching upon the preserves, is always attributed (according to the religious credence of the accuser) to the evil propensities of the natives of catholic or protestant Kniebis.

MEN OF LETTERS IN THE TIME OF GEORGE III.

Lord Brougham, withdrawn from active professional life, employs himself from time to time in literary labours. His confessedly great powers, his long experience, and, above all, the access which he has enjoyed to the most exalted and most eminent men of his day, undoubtedly place it within his power to gratify the world with revelations of singular interest. Though on many points it may be difficult to agree with his lordship, in his writings we always find something to admire and edify, and it may be rationally hoped that his course as an author is not yet nearly run.

In the work which he has just given to the public—the "Lives of Men of Letters

and Science in the Time of George III," we may remark that the mighty field on which he enters, is one in which a long active life might advantageously be spent. We regard the subject, indeed, as too vast for any one human being satisfactorily to deal with it, and suppose that the noble lord has only commenced his task—though his bookseller may deem it expedient to put the volume before us forward as a complete work—with a title promising so much, the reader will be astonished and disappointed to learn that it contains notices of ten persons only, viz., Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, Robertson, Black, Watt, Priestley, Cavendish, Davy, and Simon.

If this is to be received as the "Be all, and the end all," it is ridiculous; "most lame and impotent conclusion." The selection is so exceedingly narrow that we are really amazed. "The three tailors of Tooley-street, calling themselves 'the people of England,' was nothing in the way of assumption, to lord Brougham's taking these ten individuals as the representatives of letters and science through the long period of sixty years during which George III occupied the throne of England.

He has mainly applied himself to furnish a life of Voltaire, which certainly has with much reason been long said to be wanting. His lordship's present sojourns in France have probably placed valuable materials in his hand, which others could not command. That the reader may not be too much alarmed at the infidelity of Voltaire, lord Brougham makes what some will deem an apology for blasphemy and atheism. He says—

" Strictly speaking, blasphemy can only be committed by a person who believes in the existence and in the attributes of the Deity whom he impugns, either by ridicule or by reasoning. An atheist is wholly incapable of the crime. When he heaps epithets of abuse on the Creator, or turns His attributes into ridicule, he is assaulting or scoffing at an empty name—at a being whom he believes to have no existence. In like manner if a deist, one who disbelieves in our Saviour being either the son of God or sent by God as his prophet on earth, shall argue against his miracles, or ridicule his mission or his person, he commits no blasphemy; for he firmly believes that Christ was a man like himself, and that he derived no authority from the deity. Both the atheist and the deist are free from all guilt of blasphemy, that is, of all guilt towards the Deity or towards Christ."

After this, we need not say that many of the most objectionable features in Voltaire's story are handled with sufficient tenderness. He certainly had his good points. He in some cases acted with great generosity;

and nobly, in one instance, did he exert himself to rescue the memory of a much injured man from infamy; but while he mercilessly resisted the want of charity in others, as regarded religious matters, Voltaire was as intolerant on the side of infidelity as any monk could be in the cause of the holy catholic faith.

Nothing will interest the English reader more than lord Brougham's account of the death of this extraordinary man, of which so many representations have been made. He writes:—

"While in his last illness the clergy had come round him, and as all the philosophers of that period appear to have felt particularly anxious that no public stigma should be cast upon them by a refusal of Christian burial, they persuaded him to undergo confession and absolution. He had a few weeks before submitted to this ceremony, and professed to die in the catholic faith, in which he was born—a ceremony which M. Condorcet may well say, gave less edification to the devout than it did scandal to the free-thinkers. The curé (rector) of St. Sulpice, had, on this being related, made inquiry, and found the formula too general; he required the abbé Gauthier, who had performed the office, to insist upon a more detailed profession of faith, else he should withhold the burial certificate. While this dispute was going on, the dying man recovered and put an end to it. On what proved to be his real death-bed, the curé came and insisted upon a full confession. When the dying man had gone a certain length, he was required to subscribe to the doctrine of our Saviour's divinity. This roused his indignation, and he gave vent to it in an exclamation which at once put to flight all the doubts of the pious, and reconciled the infidels to their patriarch. The certificate was refused, and he was buried in a somewhat clandestine, certainly a hasty manner, at the monastery of Scellière, of which his nephew was abbot. The bishop of the diocese (Troyes) hearing of the abbé's intention, dispatched a positive prohibition; but it arrived the day after the ceremony had taken place."

"Of his merits as a dramatist, we are told it is certain that the tragedies of Voltaire are the works of an extraordinary genius, and that only a great poet could have produced them; but it is equally certain that they are deficient for the most part in that which makes the drama powerful over the feelings—real pathos, real passion, whether of tenderness, of terror, or of horror. The plots of some are admirably contrived; the diction of all is pure and animated; in most passages it is pointed, and in many it is striking, grand, impressive; the characters are frequently well imagined and pourtray-

ed, though without sufficient discrimination; and thus often running one into another, from the uniformity of the language, terse, epigrammatic, powerful, which all alike speak. Nor are there wanting situations of great effect, and single passages of thrilling force; but, after all, the heart is not there; the deep feeling, which is the parent of all true eloquence as well as all true poetry, didactic and satirical excepted, is rarely perceived; it is rather rhetoric than eloquence, or, at least, rather eloquence than poetry. It is declamation of a high order in rhyme; no blank verse, indeed, can be borne on the French stage, or even in the French tongue; it is not fine dramatic composition: the periods roll from the mouth, they do not spring from the breast; there is more light than heat; the head rather than the heart is at work. It seems that if there be any exception to this remark, we must look for it in the 'Zaire,' his most perfect piece, although, marvellous to tell, it was written in two and twenty days. In my humble opinion, it is certainly obnoxious to the same general objection, though less than any of his other pieces; yet it is truly a noble performance, and it unites many of the great requisites of dramatic excellence. The plot, which he tells us was the work of a single day, is one of the most admirable ever contrived for the stage, and it is a pure creation of fancy. Nothing can be conceived more full of interest and life and spirit—nothing more striking than the combinations and the positions to which he gives rise, while at the same time it is quite natural, quite easy to conceive, in no particular violating probability. Nor can anything be more happy or more judicious than the manner in which we are, at the very first, brought into the middle of the story, and yet soon find it unravelled and presented before our eyes without long and loaded narrative retrospects. Then the characters are truly drawn with a master's hand, and sustained perfectly and throughout both in word and in deed. Orosman, uniting the humanised feelings of an amiable European with the unavoidable remains of the Oriental nature, ambitions, and breathing war, more than becomes our character, yet generous and simple-minded; to men imperious, but as it were by starts, when the Tartar predominates; to women delicate and tender, as if the Goth or the Celt prevailed in the harem; unable to eradicate the jealousy of the east, yet, like an European, too proud not to be ashamed of it as a degradation, and thus subduing it in all instances but one, when he is hurried away by the Asiatic temperament and strikes the fatal blow, which cannot lessen our admiration, nor even wholly destroy our esteem. The

generous nature of Nourestan and Lusignan excites our regard, and, perhaps, alone of all the perfect characters in epic or in dramatic poetry, they are no way tiresome or flat. But Zaire herself, unlike other heroines, is, if not the first, at least equal to the first, of the personages in touching the reader and engaging his affections. Nothing can be more conceived more tender; and the conflict between her passion for the sultan and her affection for her family, between her acquired duty to the crescent and her hereditary inclination to the cross, is most beautifully managed."

THE TRIUMPHS OF GOD'S REVENGE
AGAINST THE CRYING AND EXE-
CRABLE SIN OF MURDER.

Under the above title a book was published in the time of Charles II, "written by John Reynolds, containing thirty several tragical histories," which, it was added, in the title page, "contain great variety of mournful and memorable accidents, historical, moral, and divine."

At that period a series of murders had startled the public minds, and Mr. Reynolds appears to have thought that he should render good service to society by presenting the world with a series of narratives to prove that divine vengeance, even in this world, is generally found careful to visit the crime of murder.

The book, once very popular, is now scarce, and is deemed a great curiosity. From the length of the histories, we cannot find room for one entire, but we will submit an abridgement of the seventeenth, giving briefly the opening pages, and letting the author tell the result—the object of the whole, in his own words.

HARCOURT AND MASSERINA.

This history tells that in the parish of St. Simplician, near Sens, two brothers succeeded to their father's property. The elder is called M. de Vimory, the younger, M. de Harcourt. The brothers swear friendship, and promise to be careful in their marriages. M. de Vimory, however, soon takes for his wife a rich widow, of damaged reputation, and forty years of age, named Masserina. Harcourt blames his choice, and shortly afterwards becomes himself the husband of a singularly virtuous beauty, named Precouverte. Her charms do not save him from taking to evil courses; and by gambling and other excesses, he is reduced to poverty. Then, as his brother's wife had taken care to have much of her property secured to her own use before marriage, he pays his court to her, being younger than her husband by some years, and as he thought a much properer man. She encourages his

advances; they lead a most dissolute life; and after a time severally elope. Noel, the faithful valet of Harcourt, disapproves of what he sees, but attends them in their exile. They are living at Geneva, where letters are received from La Precouverte which Noel delivers to Harcourt and Masserina. The gentle beauty does not fail to rate each of the fugitives soundly, but recommends the lady to return to her husband, and Harcourt to herself, in which case the past is to be buried in oblivion.

Harcourt in reply denies that he has done any thing wrong, having only accompanied his sister-in-law in a devout pilgrimage to our Lady of Loretto. La Precouverte also receives a letter from Masserina to the same effect. These false but plausible epistles throw the injured lady of the faithless Harcourt into no small perplexity.

From Geneva the faithless wife and her paramour adjourn to Lyons. There they are apprehended, in consequence of being mistaken for two persons who had left their former abode under circumstances similar to their own. When liberated, it occurs to Masserina that it would promote her comfort if La Precouverte were put out of the way. She applies to two apothecaries in Lyons to assist her views, and meets with a refusal; but having learned the residence of an Italian empiric, one Signor Baptista Tivoly, who is less scrupulous, engages to poison the unfortunate lady for one hundred crowns in hand, and a hundred and fifty more on the completion of his task.

From Pouges, near Nevers, where he had been sought by Masserina, unknown to Harcourt, Tivoly proceeds to Troyes in Champagne. There, since the desertion of her husband, Precouverte had been residing with M. Le Vaqueny, her father. The empiric soon gets called in to assist the lady, who is in a declining state. We pass over the manner in which he proceeded to examine the patient. Suffice it to say, in three days his pills do the business, and terminate her life; and he retires unsuspected to delight Masserina with the news, and receive the price of his crime.

Harcourt, who had remained at Lyons, followed his mistress to Nevers, and shortly after, hearing of the death of his wife, he is easily prevailed upon to plot the murder of his brother, that he may be enabled to make Masserina his wife. He attempted to bribe Noel to shoot him, but the latter refused to become a murderer. In consequence of this failure, Harcourt undertakes the affair himself; and meeting his brother disguised as a beggar, in a lonely place, at the moment M. Vimory is giving alms to the supposed mendicant, he receives two

bullets from a pistol. Harcourt then stabs him repeatedly, withdraws undiscovered; and in a few months a dispensation from the Pope, on account of the relationship of the parties having been obtained, he is married to Masserina.

They now take possession of the murdered brother's estate; effect to mourn his fate; and expect to pass their lives in unalloyed pleasure. It, however, so happens that the empiric employed by Masserina, detected in an aggravated robbery, has the misfortune to be hanged. In his last moments, he confesses the part he had been bribed to act, and "before his body is consumed to ashes," Masserina is apprehended. She at first stoutly declares her innocence, but being condemned, she acknowledges herself the author of Precoverte's death, taking especial care to avoid criminating Harcourt. She prays an interview with him before she suffers, but this is denied. He makes great efforts to save her life, even offering all his lands to the judges, that she might be spared, but can obtain no commutation of the sentence.

These are the principal facts detailed by Mr. Reynolds, but the language—the language is the thing: in this he shines with no common splendour.

"None but himself can be his parallel!"—as will be seen from the following pions and eloquent strain, with which he concludes:—

"The next morning (according to her sentence) she is brought to the place of her execution, but (at her earnest and importunate request) so early, that very few people were present at her death, where being ascended the ladder, she there again cursed the name, and execrated the memory of that wretched villain Tivoly, and wished muc' prosperity and happiness to her husband Harcourt, when turning her eye about, and seeing a cousin German of his there present, named Monsieur de Pierpoint, she calls him to her, and is so vain at this last period, as it were, of her life, as she takes off her glove and bracelet from her right hand and arm, and prays him to deliver it to his cousin and her husband Harcourt, and to assure him from her that she died his most loving and constant wife, which Monsieur Pierpoint faithfully promised her to perform; then a subordinate officer of justice being there to see her die, tells her that he was now commanded by the judges his superiors, to tell her, that she being now to leave earth, and so ready to ascend into heaven, they prayed her in the name and fear of God to declare to all those who were present, if her husband, Harcourt, yea or no, had any hand, or were knowing or accessory with her in the poisoning of his first

wife, La Precoverte, and that she should do piously and christianly to discover the truth thereof, which would undoubtedly tend to God's glory, and the salvation of her own soul: when she solemnly vowed to him, and to all the people, that her husband, Harcourt, never knew, nor in thought, word, or deed, was any way accessory, knowing, or consenting with her or Tivoly, in poisoning of his wife, and this which she now spake was the pure truth, as she hoped for heaven; and now after a few tears, she most vainly and idly fell praying and commanding of him, especially how tenderly and dearly he loved her, with other ridiculous and impertinent speeches tending that way, which I hold, every way, unworthy of my mention and repetition; but had not the grace either to look up to heaven, or to God with repentance, or the goodness to look down into her own heart, conscience, or soul, with contrition and sorrow for all those her foul adulteries and murders; neither to pray to God for herself, or to request those who were present to pray to God for her: and so she was turned over, all wondering and grieving at her bloody crime, and therefore some few lamenting or sorrowing for this her infamous death: but she there speaks not a word, or the shadow of a word, either of her husband, Harcourt's pistolling to death of his brother, her first husband, Vimory, or of her knowledge thereof or consent thereto.

"Now, though Harcourt seemed outwardly very sorrowful for this shameful death of his wife, Masserina, yet he is inwardly exceeding joyful, that her silence at her death of murdering his brother, Vimory, hath preserved his life with his reputation, and his reputation with his life; whereupon being that day freed and acquitted by the judges of Sens both of his pretended crimes, as also of his imprisonment, he, composing his countenance equally betwixt joy and sorrow, returns to his house of St. Simplician, where now, thinking himself absolutely discharged and cleared from all these his former adulteries, as also of his late cruel murdering of his brother, he within two, or at most within three months after his wife, Masserina's execution, casts off his mourning apparel (which he wore for her death), and neither thinking of his soul or his conscience, or of heaven or hell, he flants and frolics it out in brave apparel, and because he is now fortunately arrived to be chief lord and master of a great estate, both in lands and money, therefore he thinks it not his pride but his glory, and not his vanity but his generosity, to dight and put himself now into far richer apparel than ever formerly he had done, whereof all the gentlemen, his neighbours, yea, all the

city of Sens (with no little wonder) took especial notice thereof; yea, he is so far from once dreaming or thinking either of his murdering of his brother, Vimory, or of the deplorable and untimely ends of his two wives, with as much vanity, and with far more haste than discretion or consideration, he now speedily resolves to take and marry a third. But his hopes will deceive him, because God, in his sacred justice and judgment, will deceive his hopes. For, when he thinks himself secure and safe, not only from the danger, but likewise from the suspicion of any fatal or disastrous accident which can possibly befall him, then the triumphant power of God's revenge will both suddenly and soundly surprise him. His honest man, Noel (with an observant eye, and a conscientious and sorrowful heart) had heard of La Precouverte's poisoning, and of Vimory's pistolling to death, and hath likewise seen the hanging both of Tivoly and of his late mistress, Masserina. In all which several accidents, as one way he wondereth at the malice of Satan, so another way he cannot but infinitely admire and applaud the just judgments of the Lord. He likewise knows what his master Harcourt is to him and he to his master, and in time of his service and attendance under him, what different and several passages of business and secrets have past between them. He hath remarked far more vices than virtues in his master, whereat he much grieveth, but he was infinitely more enforced than desirous either to see or know them, and this again doth exceedingly rejoice him. He well knows that fidelity is the glory of a servant, and yet it is a continual sensible grief to his heart, and vexation to his soul, to see that his master serves God no better. He doth not desire to know things (which concern his said master) whereof he is ignorant, but doth wish and pray to God that he were ignorant of many things which he knows, and of more which he fears; and being very often perplexed in his mind with the reluctance of these different causes, and their different effects, he cannot but in the end satisfy himself with this resolution, that, as Harcourt is his earthly master, so God is his heavenly master. But here betides an unexpected and unwished accident to this Noel, which will speedily try of what temper and metal both himself, his heart, his conscience, and his soul is made, and what infinite disparity there is betwixt earth and heaven.

" By the pleasure and visitation of God, he is suddenly taken extreme sick of a pestilent fever, but not in his master, Harcourt's house, but in his own father's house, who dwelt some four leagues thence, at a parish called St. Lazare, and

his physician yielding him a dead man, he, as a religious Roman Catholic, takes the extreme unction, and then prepares himself to die: but he is so moral, and so good a Christian, as (the premises considered) he resolves to carry his conscience pure, and his soul white and unspotted to heaven. He prays his father, therefore, that he will speedily ride to Sens (in whose jurisdiction St. Lazare was), and to pray two of the three judges to come over to him, for that he hath a great secret to reveal them now on his death-bed, which conducteth to the glory of God, the service of the king, and the good of his own soul. His father accordingly rides to Sens, and brings two of those judges speedily with him to his son's bed-side, to whom (in presence of three or four more of his father's neighbours), he, very sick in body but perfectly sound in mind, tells them, that his master, Harcourt, would (heretofore) have had him pistol his brother, Vimory, to death, and proffered him two hundred crowns in money, and forty crowns annuity during his life, to perform it, but he refused it, and knowing the said Monsieur De Vimory to be since murdered by a pistol, he therefore verily believes that it is either his said master, or some other for him, which is guilty of that lamentable murder, the true detection whereof (he says) he leaves to God and to them, and within half an hour after (yea, before they were departed his father's house) this Noel dies.

" Hereupon, these judges, wondering at the providence of God, in the evidence of this dying man for the discovery of this lamentable murder, they speedily send away their officers, who apprehend Harcourt in his own house of St. Simplician, carousing and frolicing it in his best wine, in company of three or four of his debauched consorts and companions, and so they bring him to Sens, where, lying in prison that night, the next morning the judges of that city cause him to be arraigned before them, and charge him with pistolling of his brother, Monsieur De Vimory, to death, which (fortified and armed by the devil) he strongly and stoutly denies. They read this man, Noel's, dying evidence against him, to prove it; so they adjudged him the fiery torment of the scorpions, for the vindication of this truth, the which he endureth with a wonderful fortitude and constancy, and still denies it. When their hearts being prompted from heaven, and their souls from God, that he was yet the undoubted murderer of his brother, they the second time adjudged him to the rack, whereon permitting himself to be fastened, and the tormentors giving a good touch at him, God is more merciful to his soul

than his tortures are to his body, and so with tears in his eyes, he confesseth that it was he which pistolleth his brother, Vimory, to death, and which afterwards ran him twice through the body with his rapier; whereupon, for this bloody and unnatural fact of his, his judges (without any regard to his extraction or quality) condemn him the next afternoon, between four and five of the clock, to be broken alive on the wheel, at the public place of execution. Some few gentlemen, his kinsfolk, solicit his reprival, because as yet they despair not of his pardon, but their labours prove vain, and they purchase no reputation in seeking it, for now all Sens and the adjacent country cry fie on him, and on his soul and enormous crimes of adultery and fratricide.

"So, the next day (at the hour and place appointed) he is brought to his execution, where a mighty concourse of people, both of Sens and the adjacent country, flock to see this monster of nature take his last farewell of the world. Being mounted on the scaffold, in a tawny satin suit, with a gold edge, he confesseth himself guilty of murdering his brother, Vimory, and yet he grieves far more for the death of his last wife, Masserina, than he doth for that of his first, La Precovertte. He demands forgiveness of God and the world for this his foul crime of fratricide, and prays all who are there present to pray to Almighty God for the salvation of his soul, and that they become charitable and religious, and less bloody and profane, by his example. So commanding his soul unto God, his body to the earth from whence it came, and marking himself three or four times with the sign of the cross, he willingly suffers the executioner to fasten his legs and arms upon the wheel, the which as soon he breaks with his iron bar, until he have seized upon death, and death on him.

"And thus was the wretched lives, and miserable, and yet deserved deaths of these our cruel and inhuman, graceless murderers; and in this manner did the triumphs of God's revenge justly surprise them to their shame, and cut them off to their confusion. May we read this history to God's glory, and as often meditate thereon to our own particular reformation and instruction."

These extravagant stories, written, as the author states, "in Christian warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil," were well received by the first. Published at a late date, they would probably have been consigned to the last. Though printed in folio, the book went through five editions, and a sixth appeared in 1679, dedicated to the Earl of Shaftesbury, Dryden's Achitophel.

THE MIRROR.

The Wandering Jew

BY EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CHAPTER I.—THE PLACE NOTRE DAME.

Eight days have elapsed since Rodin was attacked with the cholera, which keeps constantly augmenting its ravages.

Paris, lately so joyous, is now covered with a robe of mourning; yet the blue of the heavens was never purer, nor did the sun ever appear more radiant. The serenity of nature during the ravages of this fatal scourge, presented a strange and mysterious contrast. The gaudy light of a dazzling sun, rendered still more visible the alteration which the thousand pangs of fear produced in the countenance.

Every one was afraid; this one for himself—that for those whom he loved—and every countenance was marked with inquietude and feverishness. People hurried along, thinking, by this means, to avoid danger; besides they were anxious to return to their homes, where they had left health and happiness, and where, on their return, they often found agony, death, and despair.

Every moment new and sinister sights presented themselves. Carts filled with coffins stopped at every door, where men, dressed in black, were holding out their arms to receive as many as three or four, often for the same house; and, consequently, the supply being quickly exhausted, many were left unserved, and the cart, which had arrived full, went away empty.

In almost every house, from top to bottom, was heard a noise of hammering: it was the nailing down of coffins! Then arose on every hand, moans and cries of sorrow, and shrieks of despair. During this time windows were illuminated—it was the ball season—and this light resembled that of a fête, save that the taper filled the place of brilliant illuminations, and the psalmody for the dead was heard, instead of the joyous notes of a quadrille. In the streets, in place of the transparent buffoonery placarded on the shops of the dealers in costumes, from distance to distance were seen large red lamps, on which were inscribed these words, in black letters—"Succour for those infected with the cholera."

The only fête that took place during the night, was in the cemeteries; once so sad, so mute, during the hours of silence, dis-

turbed only by the rustling of the cypress trees when agitated by the winds; but now they had suddenly become noisy and animated. By the light of torches, which threw a reddish glare on the dark trees and on the white grave-stones, a goodly number of grave-diggers were merrily at work. These men were at that time well remunerated, for there was a great call for them, and they drank and sang to keep up their spirits. The jovial strains of the grave-diggers were answered by noises in the distance. Taverns had sprung up in the neighbourhood of the cemeteries, and the coachmen of the dead, when once they had *deposited their customers at their address*, as they humorously said, repaired to these taverns, where they banqueted and made themselves as merry as lords. In the gloomy and infected quarters in the midst of an unwholesome atmosphere, where crowds of people lived pent up together, whole families were carried off in a few hours; but of all the frighful spectacle was, perhaps, the Place Notre Dame, which was every day the scene of the most appalling sights, for it was to this spot that the greater part of the patients of the neighbouring streets were carried on their way to the Hotel Dieu. The cholera had more than one aspect; it had a thousand. Eight days after Rodin had been so suddenly attacked, several events, as horrible as they were strange, occurred in the Place Notre Dame. On entering, you have the front of the immense cathedral on the left, and on the right the buildings of the Hotel Dieu, and a little further on you perceive the parapet of the quay of Notre Dame. On the dark wall of the arch a placard had been recently placed, bearing these words:

"Vengeance! vengeance! The people that are taken to the hospitals are poisoned—because their number is too great; and every night boats filled with dead bodies pass down the Seine! Death to the assassins of the people!"

Two men enveloped in mantles, and partly concealed under the shadow of the arch, were listening with restless curiosity to a menacing noise which arose from the midst of a tumultuous group assembled at the entrance of the Hotel Dieu. The cries of "Death to the doctors! Vengeance!" soon reached their ears.

"The placards are producing their effect," said one of them; "the train has caught fire. When once the populace is excited, you may set them on any one you please."

"Stay," said the other; "look yonder, at that Hercules, whose gigantic height towers above the rabble. Was he not one of the most desperate among the ringleaders in the destruction of M. Hardy's factory."

"Yes; you are right; I recognise him. Whenever there is an evil turn to be done, you are sure to find that scoundrel."

"Let us not remain any longer under this arch," said the other. "The wind is piercing cold."

"All is going on well. I am told that the republicans are going to raise *en masse* the Faubourg Saint Antoine; that will serve us, and the holy cause of religion will triumph over revolutionary impiety. Let us go and rejoin father d'Aigrigny."

"Where shall we find him?"

"Close at hand."

The two men hastily disappeared.

The declining sun was casting his golden rays on the dark sculpture of the portal of Notre Dame, and on its massive towers, which arose in the midst of a perfectly blue sky; for, during some days past, a cold, dry north-east wind had swept away every particle of cloud. A crowd was, as we have said, assembled at the entrance of the Hotel Dieu, and was pressing against the railing that surrounds the arch-way, behind which was ranged a body of infantry, for the cry of "Death to the Doctors," was becoming more and more alarming. The people who were raising this clamour, belonged to an idle, vagabond, and corrupt populace—the very dregs of Paris.

The unfortunate creatures that were being transported thither were carried with difficulty through the midst of this group of hideous wretches, and entered the Hotel Dieu amid fearful clamours and cries of death. Every minute new victims were brought; some in barrows with curtains that concealed the sufferers; others on stretchers which, having nothing round them, left exposed to view the convulsion of a patient, who, in his agony, sometimes removed the cloth from his cadaverous features. Instead of frightening the wretches assembled round the hospital, such scenes were to them the signal for inhuman pleasantries, or atrocious predictions respecting the fate of the unhappy sufferers, who were placed in the power of the doctors.

Ciboule and the quarryman, accompanied by a number of their associates, were in the midst of this crowd.

After the disaster at M. Hardy's factory, the quarryman had been formally turned out of the society of the Wolves, who wished to have no further connexion with this wretch. Since then he had indulged in the grossest intemperance, and speculating in his herculean strength he had for a salary, established himself the zealous defender of Ciboule and her companions. With the exception of a few persons that chance had conducted to the Place Notre Dame, the ragged crowd was com-

pased of the refuse of Paris—miserable wretches, as much to be pitied as blamed, for misery and ignorance fearfully engender vice and crime. For these savages of civilisation there was no pity, no instruction, no terror in the frightful scenes, that surrounded them at every moment; carelessness of life which they had to contend for every day against hunger or the temptations to crime, they either braved the infection with infernal audacity, or succumbed to it with blasphemy on their tongues.

The high stature of the quarryman towered above the crowd; his eyes were bloodshot; his features inflamed; and he shouted, with all his might, "Death to the doctors! they are poisoning the people."

"It is easier than feeding them," added Ciboule. Then, addressing herself to an old man, whom two persons were carrying to the hospital, the shrew continued, "Do not go in there; die here, in the open air, instead of going into that den, where you will be poisoned like an old rat."

"Yes," said the quarryman, "and afterwards you will be thrown into the river to regale the fishes, which you will not have an opportunity of tasting."

Here and there dreadful scenes occurred, which showed the frightful rapidity of the cholera.

Two men were carrying a litter, covered with cloth, which was spotted with blood. One of them, feeling himself suddenly affected, stopped; his hands relaxed their hold of the litter; he turned pale, reeled, and fell on the patient. The other porter made off in dismay, leaving his companion and the dying man in the midst of the rabble, some of whom turned away with horror, while others burst out into wild laughter. The patient made an effort to save himself, but his strength failed him, and his head fell back on the pillow. A sudden rush of the crowd overturned the litter, and the porter and the patient were trampled under foot, and their moanings were drowned by the cries of "Death to the doctors!"

The howlings recommenced with renewed fury. This wild troop, which, in its savage delirium, respected nothing, was, however, a few minutes after, obliged to give way to some workmen, who were vigorously forcing a passage for two of their comrades, that were carrying a young man, whose head was resting on one of their shoulders. A little child, in tears, followed, holding by the skirts of one of the workmen. The distant noise of drums had, for some minutes past, been heard in the tortuous streets of the city, for the disturbance was increasing in the Faubourg Saint Antoine.

The drummer reached the Place Notre

Dame. One of them, a veteran, with grey moustachos, suddenly stopped. His companions turned about in surprise. His face was livid; his legs bent under him; he muttered a few intelligible words, and fell on the pavement.

At the sight of the dying soldier, one of the two men that, at the commencement of the disturbance, were standing in the archway, said to the drummers, "Perhaps your comrade has been drinking at some fountain on the road."

"Yes, sir," replied one of the soldiers; "he was very thirsty, and he drank some water in the Place du Chatelet."

"Then he has been poisoned," said the man.

"Poisoned!" shouted several voices.

"There is nothing astonishing in that," said the man, with an air of mystery.

"Poison is thrown into the public fountains. This morning a man was killed in the Rue de Beauberg; he was caught emptying a packet of arsenic in a wine merchant's tankard."

After uttering these words, the man disappeared in the midst of the crowd.

This report, not less stupid than that which was in circulation respecting the patients of the Hôtel Dieu, was received with loud cries of indignation, and five or six ragged-looking vagabonds seized the body of the expiring drummer, and, raising it on their shoulders, paraded it through the Place, preceded by Ciboule, who cried out everywhere on their passage, "Give way for the corpse! See how they are poisoning the people!"

A post chaise arrived at the Place, containing M. de Montrbron, his niece, Madame de Morinval, and her husband, who, like many others, were anxious to escape from the cholera, which was then decimating Paris. The paleness of the lady's features sufficiently testified her fear, and M. de Montrbron, in spite of his firmness, seemed very uneasy, and both he and his niece inhaled, from time to time, odour from a bottle filled with camphor.

An artillery waggon, which was employed to carry away the dead, arrived in the Place at the same time as the chaise, from the opposite direction.

"Give way to the omnibus of the dead," cried Ciboule.

"The passengers are uncommonly quiet; they never want to get down," cried the quarryman.

The driver of the waggon being intoxicated, he swerved from his path, and drove the waggon right against the chaise. The shock disjoined several of the coffins, hastily nailed together, from one of which rolled a bluish corpse, partly enveloped in a shroud. This horrid spectacle caused Madame de Morinval to faint. The crowd

drew back in terror, and the postilion, profiting from the space which was cleared by the retreat of the multitude, drove on in the direction of the quay. When the chaise had disappeared behind the bulwarks of the Hotel Dieu, the sound of music was heard, mixed with cries of "The masquerade of the cholera."

These cries announced one of those frightful episodes which occurred during the period of the cholera. In fact, if the evidence of contemporary writers, respecting this masquerade, was not fully borne out by the accounts of the public journals, one would imagine the reports to be the offspring of a disordered brain.

Shortly after the disappearance of Madame de Morinval's carriage, the masquerade of the cholera presented itself in the Place Notre Dame.

CONVERTED TOO LATE.

(*For the Mirror*)

Some people are so very wise,
That unless seen with their own eyes,
No solemn warnings they receive,
No well-attested facts believe.
The fish assembled in the deep,
Some birth or holiday to keep.
When many seemed so full of glee,
It shocked one *Mentor* of the sea.
"Juniors," he cried, "awhile attend
To me, your elder and your friend.
Your strength and your vivacity
Are great, but don't aspire too high,
I see you to the surface rise,
As if you would affront the skies,
And swallow without grace or pause,
Whatever food comes near your jaws.
I do not idly wish to scare,
Yet, think, there's danger anywhere
For those who do not prudence show,
As humble sojourners below.

But gather wisdom from my tongue,
And know, when I was very young,
A turbot of no mean degree,
For larger never gauded the sea.
Who had, throughout a long career,
Most blithely swam from year to year,
Thus spake: to serve me was the wish
Of that respectable old fish.

"Let not ambition make you try
To snap too much, or rise too high,
Or at too many objects dash—
Be moderate, and be never rash.
I had a brother—that thought thrills—
My bosom, and distends my gills—
Who saving precepts had been told
By his wise ancestors of old,
But their admonitory strain
Was met by coldness and disdain,
For, bent on pleasure and renown,
He vowed 'he would not be kept down.'
One day it was his daring wish,
To rise above all other fish.
From yonder shoal I saw him start,
And swift as lightning upward dart;
Undaunted he pursued his way.
When, waiting, he beheld his mate,
So fresh, so lively, 'nd so rare,
It well might make a turbot stare.
At once the pouncing spring he tries,
And gorges the too tempting prize;
That moment saw barbed iron stick
Deep in his throat; a human trick
Devised poor finny fools to gain;
He struggled to retreat in vain.
The fiend above, with joy no doubt,
Drew carefully the captive out

From our bright world of liquid bliss
To one, alas! how unlike this—
To a terrible place, called *Land*,
On which the demon takes his stand.
There—where no tide can greet the fin,
Or current lubricate the skin—
Aloft suspended and whirled round,
Where neither worm nor weed is found,
But all in glaring, hot, and dry.
It was his lot to writhe and die."

He ceased. "Twas to young fish he spoke,
Who only met to laugh and joke,
The exhortation given was cant;
The story most extravagant;
The gudgeons met it with a sneer,
The Miss Piken answered with a leer,
And seemed inquiring of the trout,
"If his mamma knew he was out?"
(Though ocean's depths, mind, never rang,
With sounds approaching human song),
And the sole thought to tell him that,
As bad as calling him a flat.

All asked, did it to reason stand
Supposing there existed land,
That demons, though uncommon elves,
Would have no waves to breathe themselves?
Such cock-and-bull tales would not please
Enlightened water-folks like these,
And one young mirthful beaver chose
To turn up scornfully his nose.
"Thinks yonder proser I'm so dull?"
He said, "such parables can gull?
Tell me! for filling of his mouth,
A fish in prime of life—of youth—
May in these scenes no longer stop,
Born off where there's nor bit nor drop?
Snatched from the cool, green, watery ways,
To perish in the sun's dread blaze!
Such stuff is—all, I plainly spy,
'Eliza Martin and my eye,'
Devised to shorten youth's delight,
By that old *scaly* hypocrite."

He gave his tail a cunning wag,
But scorned his form beneath to drag.
High life he was resolved to know,
And looked with scorn on all things low.
But now a bait of matchless size,
Descends before his ravished eyes.
"Ere I could find such dainty fare,
How long might I have pined down there?"
He thought. "My friend would barb suppose?"
But added, "Barb or not—here goes."
Without more questions or delay,
He hastily engulfed the prey;
Just as he swallowed it, a twitch
Caused in his throat an awkward hitch;
And next saw in the pendant line,
The monster angler's black design,
To drag him 'nto hateful day.
He, with ineffable dismay,
Sees realising what was told,
Of horrors known in days of old,
Mourned his inevitable fate—
He prays, and he believes—too late.

NATURE'S JEWELS.

(*From the German of Rückert*)

Man! the splendours here displayed,
Not for thee alone are made;
Nature, part of what she formed,
For her own delight arrayed.
Therefore sings the nightingale,
When thou on thy bed art laid;
And the brightest flowers bloom,
Ere thy morning prayer is prayed;
Off the gayest butterflies
Flutter in the unseen glade;
Pearls lie hid in deepest seas—
Jewels where no eye hath strayed.
Child! since richly eye and ear
Are thus charmed by Nature's aid,
Envy not the Mother's share
Of the jewels she has made.

R. CLEPHAN.

A LADY PRISONER'S FARE.

The following particulars, relating to Anne, Duchess of Somerset, who was the subject of a notice in our last number, are not without interest. They give a lively idea of the fare common in those days and the treatment experienced by state prisoners.

"On the Duke of Somerset's second and

fatal disgrace, the Duchess was sent to the Tower, on the day after her husband, the 16th Oct. 1551. The Duke was beheaded on the 22d Jan. 1551-2. The Duchess remained in the Tower during the remainder of the reign of Edward VI, and was probably released after the accession of Queen Mary in July 1553. The following curious records of her imprisonment have been preserved.

"*The Daily Dietts of the Duches of Somerset, being in the Towre.*

(MS. Lansdowne 118, art. 32.)

Dyner	Mutton stewed with potage.....	vijjd	vs ixd
	beef boilde	vijjd	
	boilde mutton 1 legge	vd	
	veal rost	xd	
By the day.	Capon rost.....	ij <i>s</i> iiijd	xjs
	Connys ij	xd	
	Mutton and potage.....	vjd	
	slysed beef	vijjd	
Supper	Mutton rost	vijjd	iijs id
	Connys ij	xd	
	Larkes 1 doz. or other	vjd	
	Bred	xd	
Dyner and Supper	bere	vijjd	tjs ijd
	Wyne.....	vijjd	
Sum of theis Dietts as appere		By the weke.....	lxxvij <i>s</i>
		Wood, coalls, and candells by the weke.....	xxs
			iiijs <i>bs</i> xvij <i>s</i>

"Memorandum, that the leutenant dothe fynde the said Duchess all napry, plate, pewter vessaille, spice, and rosting of her meat, butter to baist the same, with divers other charges incidentals, as venigre, mustard, verjous, onyens, sallettes, and other.

"Also the lady Page, being for the most part with the said Duchess, with ij gentilwomen and one man attending on her, for whome is none allowance to the leutenant."

In an account rendered by Sir Arthur Darcy, Lieutenant of the Tower, 5-6 Edw. VI. (MS. Harl. 28,) also occurs this passage:

"The Lady of Somerset for her Dietts from the last of October unto the first of Maye, beinge xxvj wekes at es the weke, cxxxii; and for ij gentilwomen attending on her the same tyme at xx*s* the weke, xxvj*s*; for thre of the kynges majesties servants attending on her xv wekes, ending the xiith of February, at x*s* a man the weke, xxvj*s* x*s*; for her cooke for the said xxvj wekes at vi*s* vjd the weke, viij*s* xii*s* iiijd; for ij of the lieutenant's men attending on her from the said xiith of February, after the discharge of the kings servants, to the forsdid first of Maye, being v*s* wekes at xv*s* vjd the weke, ix*s* iijs iiijd. And for fewell and candell for

the said xxvj wekes, at xx*s* the weke, xxvj*s*, Total cxxxij*s* x*s* vijd."

In the beginning of 1553, £100 was assigned to the Duchess out of the profits of the late Duke's lands, by a letter of order to the Chancellor of the Augmentations, to be paid to the Lieutenant of the Tower for her use; and, it being the time of Easter, leave was given to Bishop Hooper, formerly the Duke's chaplain, to visit her.

On recovering her freedom, the Duchess of Somerset adopted the course which was almost universal in former days with the most illustrious widows; she chose a protector, not so much of her person as her property, and, in order to give him all the authority which the law could bestow, she made him her husband. The gentleman so distinguished in the present instance was Francis Newdegate, esquire. He had been Gentleman Usher to the Duke of Somerset, and suffered imprisonment with him in the Tower at the time of his disgrace. He was a younger son of John Newdegate, esquire, of Harefield, in Middlesex.

Addiscombe Military Academy.—The East India Company have appointed Mr. Edward Solly, lecturer on Chemistry at the Military Academy at Addiscombe, vacant by the death of Professor Daniell.

THE MORGUE.

Those who visit Paris see, on the banks of the Seine, a dreary looking building which bears the above title. It is a house to which, when dead bodies are found, they are conveyed, and there left till recognised by their friends, or, at least, till an opportunity for recognition has been afforded. We have nothing of the kind in England. Such an establishment might be found useful. As a substitute for it was used, on one occasion, a century ago, when a Mr. Hayes was murdered by his wife and two male accomplices, the head of the deceased, which had been found in the Thames, was elevated on a pole in St. Margaret's Church-yard, at Westminster, and the object in view was completely answered. It was seen by persons who had known Mr. Hayes, and proved the means of bringing the assassins to justice.

Had such a place as the Morgue been common in England, what a scene would it have presented in connection with the late catastrophe at Yarmouth! How terrible the spectacle which a hundred or a hundred and twenty corpses, laid out in form, to be examined by those whose friends were missing, must have furnished! The Salle de l'Exposition, numerous as the tragedies of Paris have been, never, in a moment of profound peace, furnished such a horrible display.

The Morgue sometimes witnesses the sports and amusements of the living. Leon Guzman, a lively French writer, gives an amusing picture of its inmates, and their comforts, such as they were, some years ago, oddly blended with some of the business details of the place. He takes us, as it were, behind the scenes, in the following remarks:—

"M. Perrin is a little old man, who coughs incessantly. When I explained to him the object of my visit, he very politely offered to show me all the details of his administration, regretting much, as he said, that there was not so much variety as could be desired. 'But I will show you what I have—be pleased to walk up.'

"As we were climbing the narrow stairs, and he was informing me that his establishment was connected both with the prefecture and the police, with the one on account of the local expenses, with the other from its connection with the public health, we were obliged to stand close against the wall to allow a troop of young girls to pass, well dressed, gay, but shivering with the cold, which blew from the river through the chink which lighted the stair.

"These are four of my daughters. I have eight children. Francois, the keeper, has had four, and he has had the good fortune to get them all married. Francois is a kind father."

"So," said I, "twelve children then have been born in the Morgue. Dreams of joy, and conjugal endearments, and parental delights, have been experienced in this chamber of death. Marriage with its orange flowers, baptism with its black robed sponsors, the communion and the embroidered veil, love, religion, virtue, have had their home here as elsewhere. God has sown the seeds of happiness every where."

"Papa, we are going to a distribution of prizes. My sisters are sure to get a prize. Don't weary, we will be back in good time."

"Go, my children,—and all four embraced him.

"I thought of the body of the little Norman in the dreary room beneath, and of the mother who even now, perhaps, was anxiously looking for her from the window.

"This is the apartment of Francois. Francois did the honours with the activity of a man who is not ashamed of his establishment. His room is comfortably furnished; two modern pendules mounted on bronze, a wardrobe with a Medusa's head, a high bed, and a handsome rose-coloured curtain. If the room was not overburdened with furniture, if there was not much of luxury, yet, to those not early accustomed to superfluities, it might even seem gay. It represented the tastes, opinions, and habits of its master. Vases of flowers threw a green reflection on the curtains, for Francois is fond of flowers. Among his gallery of portraits were those of Augereau and Kleber, both in long coats, leaning on immense sabres, with perruques and powder. Napoleon is there three times.

"Look at these jars," said Francois, "these are sweetmeats of my wife's making; she excels in sweetmeats. I read upon them, 'Gooseberries of 1831.' We left Francois's apartment, which forms the right wing of the Morgue, while the clerk's house is on the left, and entered the cabinet of administration of M. Perrin.

"If Francois is fond of flowers, M. Perrin has the same penchant for hydraulics and the camera obscura; he draws, he makes jets from the Seine, by an ingenious piece of machinery of his own invention; while he was retouching his siphon, I asked permission to turn over the register, where suicides are ranged in two columns.

"The fatal 'unknown' was the prevailing designation; 'brought here at three in the morning, skull fractured, unknown';—'brought at twelve at night, drowned under the Pont des Arts, cards in his pocket, unknown';—'young woman, pregnant, crushed by a fiacre at the corner of the Rue Mandar, unknown';—'new born child found dead of cold, at the gate of an hotel, unknown.'

"I said to M. Perrin that he must weary

here very much occasionally during the long nights of winter.

" 'No,' replied he, good humouredly, 'the children sing, we all work, Françoise and I play at draughts or piquet; the worst of it is, we are sometimes interrupted; a knock comes, we must go down, get a stone ready, undress the new comer and register him; that spoils the game; we forget to mark the points.'

" 'And this is the way you generally spend your evenings?'—'Always, except when Françoise has to go Vaugirard at four o'clock; then he must go to bed earlier. Perhaps you do not know that our burying ground is at Vaugirard: as that burying ground is not much in fashion, we have been allowed to retain our privilege of having a fosse to ourselves.'

" 'I understand,—it is a fief of the Morgue.'

" 'You saw that chariot below near the entrance gate, in which the children were hiding themselves at play,—that is our horse.'

" 'And rich or poor, all must make use of your conveyance? If for instance a suicide is recognised, his relations or friends may reclaim him, take him home, and bestow the rites of sepulture on him at his own house?'

" 'No, the Morgue does not give back what has once been deposited here. It allows the funeral ceremonies to be as pompous as they will, but they must all set out from hence; one end of the procession perhaps is at Notre Dame, while the other is starting from the Morgue. The Archbishop of Paris may be there, but Françoise's place is fixed. It is the first.'

" 'And the priests of Notre Dame, do they never make any difficulty about administering the funeral rites to your dead?'

" 'Never!'

" 'Not even to the suicides?'

" 'There are no suicides for Notre Dame; one is drowned by accident, another killed by the bursting of a gun, a third has fallen from a scaffold. I invent the excuse, and the conscience of the priest accepts it. That's enough.'

" So, thought I, Notre Dame, which formerly witnessed the execution at the stake of sorcerers, alchymists, and gypsies on the Grande Place, has now no word of reprobation for the carcass of the suicide, once allowed to rot on the ground, or be devoured by birds. She asks not here what was his faith. The priest says mildly, 'Peace be with you.'

" We walked down, and Françoise opened the first room, that which contains the dresses; habits of all shapes, all dimensions, hideously jumbled together; gaiters pinned to a sleeve, a shawl shading the neck of a coat; dresses of peasants, workmen,

carters, and brewer's frocks, women's gowns, all faded, discoloured, shapeless, flap against each other in the current of air which entered through the windows. There is something here appalling in the sight and sound of these objects, soulless, bodyless, yet moving as if they had life, and presenting the form without the flesh. Your eye rests on a handkerchief, the property of some poor labourer, suddenly seized with the idea of suicide, after some day that he has wanted work.

" Françoise, who followed the direction of my eyes to see what impression the picture produced on me, sighed heavily.

" 'Does it move you too?' said I? 'Are you discontented with your lot?—Unhappy?'

" 'Not exactly! But, sir, formerly, you must know, the dresses, after being six months exhibited, became a perquisite of ours; we sold them. Now they talk of taking the dresses from us.'

" I reassured Françoise as to the intention of government, and assured him these was no talk of taking away the dresses.

" The second room, that which adjoins the public exhibition room, is appropriated to the dissection of those, the mode of whose death appear to the police to be suspicious. Its only furniture is a marble table on which the dissections take place, and a shelf on which are placed several bottles of chlorate. This room is immediately above that of M. Perrin. The dissecting table above just answers to the girls' piano below.

" In this room, which I crossed rapidly to avoid as much as possible the sight of a body extended on the plank, I saw the little girl who had been stitied the night before in the diligence; she was a lovely child. The other figure was frightfully disfigured; scarcely even would his mother have recognised him.

" There remained only the public room; it is narrow, ill aired; ten or twelve black and sloping stones receive the suicides, who are placed on them almost in a state of nudity; the places are seldom all occupied, except, perhaps, during a revolution. Then it is that the Morgue is recruited; two more days of glory and immortality, in July, and the plague had been in Paris.

" 'It is true,' said M. Perrin, 'we worked hard during the three days, and we were allowed the use of two assistants. Corpses everywhere, within, without, at the gate, on the bank.'

" 'And your girls?'

" 'During these days they did not leave their apartment, nor looked out to the street, nor to the river; besides you are mistaken if you think the spectacle would have terrified them. Brought up here, they will walk at night without a light, in front of the glass, which divides the

corpses from the public, without trembling; we become accustomed to anything."

" Methought I heard the poor children, so familiar with the idea of death, so accustomed to this domestic spectacle of their existence, asking innocently of the strangers whom they visited—as one would ask where is your garden, your kitchen, or your cabinet,—'where do you keep your dead here?'

" These were all the facts I could gather with regard to the establishment. I was opening the glass door to breathe the fresh air again, when the entrance of the crowd drove me back into the interior; they were following a bier on which lay a body, from which the water dripped in a long stream. From one of the hands, which were closely clenched, the keeper detached a strip of coloured linen and a fragment of lace. 'Ah!' said he, 'let me look, 'tis she!'

" Who is it?

" The nurse who was here this morning; the nurse of the little Norman girl. Good! they may be buried together." And M. Perrin put on his spectacles, opened his register and wrote in his best current hand—*unknown!*"

Review.

The Ladies Illustrated Belle Assemblée and Drawing-room Magazine.

Our attention has been drawn to the number of this periodical, produced at the commencement of the month, in which it is stated, that "circumstances of almost vexatious nature on the part of the proprietor and late publisher," have compelled the original editress, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, again to take the helm of this publication. With her we find associated a lady of distinguished talent, Mrs. Edward Thomas, who is not unknown to the readers of the MIRROR. Between them they have produced a highly entertaining miscellany, most copiously illustrated. It is varied and elegant; some of the articles have an air of originality about them which is very effective, and others agreeably bring old friends before us with new faces. Sir Simon Rochdale's cut at the lawyers, is here pleasantly turned out of Coleman's prose, for the benefit of the ladies, in form and manner following:—

" We trust not all the men we meet
And there are reasons two;
The one because we know them not,
The other that we do."

We have then a tale given in a very lady-like spirit—a spirit which seems to indicate clearly, that the fair editresses are decidedly of opinion, that if a house is

to be well governed, the mistress of it must wear the inexpressibles. It is subjoined:—

THE STRONG OLD CHEESE.

" Some years ago, Mr. Simon Simpkins resided in a town in Yorkshire, a merry good humoured bachelor, until forty summers had passed over his head; when he began to reflect, that, after all, a single man was but a cipher in the world; so he looked about him for a helpmate. A spinster, of the name of Tabitha Tompkins, struck his fancy; for she *appeared* to be a good natured creature, and, whenever he met her in company, she was particularly attentive to him:

" 'He grinned at her, she ogled him.' "

" Well, to come to the point, Miss Tompkins became Mrs. Simpkins, and poor Simpkins was in high glee: he gave a treat to the members of the Pipeclay Club, to which he belonged. Long before the honeymoon had passed away, Mrs. Simpkins showed symptoms of being anxious to rule the roost; she found fault with everything that her poor spouse approved of; and, in less than six months, became a most tyrannical, overbearing wife; so much so, indeed, that the members of the Pipeclay Club, joked and jeered poor Simpkins, and it was bruited about, that he was a complete hen-pecked, wretched man. A bright thought came across his mind, which would remove the unpleasant rumours, and especially convince his brothers of the club, that things were not quite so bad, as they thought.

" One day he said to his loving spouse—' My dear,' said he, hesitatingly, ' I have a very great favour to ask you.'

" 'Aye,' replied Mrs. S., ' you are always asking favours, and never confer any, but what is it?'

" I wish to invite the members of the club to dine here, and, in order to convince them that we are the happiest couple on earth, if you will allow me, merely for that day, to conduct myself, as if I were the master of the house, I will make you a present of a new dress.'

" Mrs. Simpkins consented, but with apparent reluctance, and the company arrived, agreeably to the invitation, and sat down to a good substantial dinner. Simpkins, in order to show off, found fault with almost everything upon the table—this was boiled too much, and that roasted too little; nothing was quite the thing. Mrs. Simpkins only said in a humble manner, that she was very sorry, and trusted that it would never happen so again. The guests were thunderstruck at the submissive way in which the good woman bore the rude observations of her husband. At length, the cheese was upon the table; on which Simpkins cried out 'What's this?'

"Cheese, my dear," said Mrs. S.

"What," roared out Simpkins, "do you call this stuff—cheese; what's become of the *old cheese*?" —With this he dashed the dish upon the table, broke it, and threw the cheese upon the floor.

"Mrs. Simpkins could stand it no longer, she rose, and said, "I'll fetch the *old cheese*, my dear," then darted out of the room, but soon returned again, and, facing her husband, she brandished a stout cudgel in her hand, crying out "Here's the *old cheese*, my dear,—shall I bring it in?"

"Oh, no, no," cried Simpkins, "this will do very well."

"Ye wights who love your wives to tease,
Pray ne'er forget the strong *Old Cheese!*"

"The value of an old Newspaper," we are afraid, will make the gentlemen of the broad sheet proud. We copy the following, given as really true:—

"Edwin Atkinson was left an orphan at a very early age; he was adopted as the sole heir of his maternal uncle, a very rich but eccentric old bachelor, and was brought up and educated by him, in accordance to his brilliant prospects. At the age of nineteen, and during the long vacation at Oxford, where he had entered as a gentleman commoner, of Christ's Church, he became acquainted with Emma Wentworth, the sister of the new curate of the village in which his uncle resided. She was young, lovely, and intelligent, but portentous. This latter circumstance, however, appeared of no importance in the estimation of the ardent and sanguine Edwin; indeed it lent an additional charm to the fair girl—he thought how beautiful it would be—

"To transplant her to a richer soil,
Where the sun of wealth would add new lustre
To her loveliness."

With such expectations as this, why should he seek for aught save beauty and affection in a bride? When, however, their young hearts were united in the indissoluble bonds of a first passion, and he informed his uncle of his wish to become the husband of the charming Emma, he was astounded to hear him reply to this most reasonable desire, in a voice of cool but unswerving determination, "Marry, sir, as soon as you please, I have no objection; only, remember, that from me you need never expect a shilling to support the beggars you may be the father of. I know the utter hopelessness of endeavouring to reason a headstrong boy out of the infatuations of the pre-conceived idea, that by such a step, he is securing felicity for the rest of his life, whereas, in truth, nothing is more ephemeral than these useful fancies for they did not deserve the name of love. No, that must be proved by experience. Go, then, and gain that experience, as

your poor unfortunate mother did before you." All the past was obliterated from Edwin's mind,—all his uncle had done for him, who had, from infancy, been most kind and liberal; and full of resentment at his present taunts, he left his presence without one pang of sorrow or regret. Love, which is ever ready to proffer assistance on those occasions, lent the young people a pair of his fleetest wings to convey them to the temple of bliss, at Gretna Green. Alas, how did those same wings flag on their return. Hope refused to wait them along on its balmy airs—and despair, like the sullen calm of a brooding tempest, oppressed them with its deadly weight. For, lo! as they turned from the altar, they recollect that they were without money, without friends, without a home. For a time, to be sure, they might go to the poor curate's, but that must only be until they could devise some plan of living. Edwin softened by these painful reflections, bethought him of his once generous uncle; and hoping, as the miserable invariably do, that, when he was convinced the thing was irremediable, he would pardon and receive him and his beloved Emma once more under his roof, he did not remember that—

"Youth soon gives and soon forgives offences
Old age is slow to both."

He therefore wrote a most penitential letter to him, eloquently detailing his present wretchedness, and his more terrible prospects—imploring his forgiveness, and entreating for some trifling pecuniary assistance. This letter, with numerous similar ones, remained unanswered by the implacable old gentleman, who, in order to avoid all further importunity, suddenly quitted the village, and went no one knew whither. After enduring the most incredible privations, Edwin and his wife retired into Wales, to hide their poverty from the only friend who could no longer mitigate it—the almost destitute brother of Emma. They settled in a small hut-like cottage, on the slope of the mountain of Moel Siabod, not at all more commodious or inviting, either interiorly or exteriorly, than a Highland Shanty opposite Lapel Lurig, where, shortly after, Emma gave birth to her first-born son, almost without needful assistance—almost without common necessities—yet never did she utter one complaint—never express one want, but took the gruel from the hand of her husband, which he had made, which he had collected the dry leaves and pine cones to make, with a sweet and grateful smile. Indeed, her uncomplaining resignation—her reliance on the goodness and mercy of the Almighty, and her sanguine assurances of better and happier days saved the proud but broken spirit of her adored Edwin from yielding

to despair. Soon after her recovery, he, by extraordinary good luck, obtained the situation of an under-clerk, in the great slate works of that neighbourhood, at a salary of fifty pounds per annum; a small sum, but to them it appeared ample to provide for every want; adversity, to well regulated minds, always teaching economy and the real value of money. For eight years they lived in this seclusion, in peace and happiness — happiness the most supreme, the most uninterrupted — having now five children, three boys, and two girls. One day, Edwin was summoned from his little private office, to attend two gentlemen over the works. They were pedestrian tourists, and most anxious to obtain every information, as it was their intention to publish their tour; this Edwin furnished with such patience and good sense, that the travellers were quite delighted with him, and, on leaving, expressed a wish, that he could have been able to have gone on with them to *Naut Frangou*, that afternoon, the beauties of which they were anxious to explore. Edwin obtained leave from his superior to accompany them, and being well acquainted with the whole of the romantic and interesting vale, he proved a great acquisition to the strangers.

"After examining its various attractions, and sketching its stupendous mountains, they proceeded on to Lake Idwal, so called after a young prince, who was barbarously murdered here. It is certainly a most wild and desolate spot, and very favourable for any sanguinary deed. On the right is an horrific split rock, with the fear inspiring name, *Ivell-dû*, or the Devil's Kitchen, a grim chasm indeed in the centre of a black precipice, extending in length a hundred and fifty yards, in depth a hundred, and only six wide, perpendicularly open to the surface of the mountain. But it is impossible to conceive the gloom of this spot, which appears to ally impervious to every ray of sun. It is as if nature had "on horror's head horrors accumulated," it was so utterly dreary and forlorn-looking. Here, however, our wayfarers, with appetites sharpened by violent exercise and the keen mountain air, proposed to sit down and inspect the contents of their plethoric-looking knapsacks. On unrolling a cold chicken, they threw away a greasy newspaper, or, rather part of one, "*The Times*," the advertising half of it, which a slight but providential breeze wafted towards Edwin, who, having dined previous to the excursion, took it up, half listlessly, to amuse himself, while the famished travellers satisfied the calls of hunger. How great was his astonishment — his delight — his almost unbelief, at seeing the following advertisement, nearly obliterated by the relics of the roast fowl. — 'If the next

of kin of Septimus Percival, Esq., deceased, of the Grange, near Andover, Hants, will apply to Messrs. Mortimer and Tyler, solicitors, Child's Place, Temple Bar, London, he will hereof something to his advantage.' Without saying one word to his astonished companions, the excited Edwin set off running towards his humble home, with the precious paper still in his hand, where he arrived in too exhausted a state to be able, for a considerable time, to explain to the wondering Emma, the happy change in their circumstances; that she, in fact, had been a true prophetess, when she placed her trust in Providence, for better days. When, however, she did learn it, with her usual calmness and presence of mind, she set about preparing for their immediate journey to England, rejoicing nothing for herself, 'for she had been happy, blest beyond her most sanguine wish, in her husband and in her children; she could not be more so, would not the world, indeed, rob her of a portion of that felicity?' But for them she suffered her heart to be elated with satisfaction; she must rejoice, that her husband would now be restored to that position in society he had only forfeited for love of her (*sweet, sweet idea, never to be forgotten!*) She must rejoice that *his* children would now be released from the cruel privations which they had so long endured, and from no fault of their own, and well she knew, that she had so prepared their young minds only to receive good impressions from her pious instructions and praiseworthy examples, that she did not fear corruption from prosperity, for her darlings. Edwin, on arriving in London, and applying to the firm stated in the paper, which he took with him, found that he had been left sole possessor of his uncle's immense fortune, according to the original intention of the old gentleman, in adopting him as his heir in infancy. This, with every other particular which I have narrated, I learnt from Emma herself, only a few days since, for her mother was a school-fellow of my own."

The Gatherer.

Mr. D'Israeli. — This gentleman has just published another political novel, entitled, "Sibyl; or, both Nations." It presents many striking portraits and pungent remarks. In this work, he gives to the Earl of Shelburne, the ancestor of the Lansdowne family, the merit of having been the first to see that by elevating the middle classes of society, a bulwark would be formed, that would defend the throne

against the revolutionary tendencies of certain great families.

William a Name for Warriors.—Verstigan, in his "Decayed Intelligence," 1673, tells, concerning this name, that it was not anciently given to children, but to men for their merit; for, during the wars between the ancient Germans with the Romans, the latter wearing gilt, the former unornamented helmets, when a valiant German slew one of their invaders, assuming his gilt helm, he was afterwards named from it; the French made it Guillaume, we William.

Eloquence of Lord Chatham.—It is said the great Lord Chatham's eye was not less eloquent than his speech. In debate he exhibited an extraordinary combination of everything that could command attention. The grandeur of the ideas which he unfolded, the heart-stirring nature of his appeals, are confessed by the united testimony of all his contemporaries; and the fragments which remain bear out to a considerable extent such representations. To these were added the imposing, the animating, the commanding power of a countenance singularly expressive; an eye so piercing that hardly any one could stand its glare; and a manner altogether singularly striking, original, and characteristic, notwithstanding a peculiarly defective and even awkward action. Latterly, his infirmities precluded all action; and he is described as standing in the House of Lords, leaning upon his crutch, and speaking for ten minutes together in an under-tono of voice scarcely audible, but raising his notes to their full pitch when he broke out into one of his grand bursts of invective or declamation.

Busses of the Last Century.—The commencement of the herring fishery, a hundred years ago, was the subject of general satisfaction, and the following poetical compliment was paid to one gentleman who was connected with the busses employed in that trade:—

"**ON RICHARD TAUNTON, OF SOUTHAMPTON, ESQ., UNDER WHOSE CARE THE BEDFORD AND ARGYLL BUSSERS WERE FITTED OUT AT THAT PLACE.**

"When Brute, the answer of the De'phic maid,
Had, with a penetrating judgment, weigh'd;
Instant he stoop'd, and kiss'd his mother earth,
And to the Roman greatness first gave birth:
Now, with like art, see Taunton seeks to gain,
Nor Albion's sons, the empire o'er the main.
Why should the Roman's buss more pow'rful be
Than those our Briton gives his mother sea?"

Canal Digging.—Canals, as well as letters, we are said, to owe to the Phoenicians. In cutting the canal of Mount Athos, during Xerxes' invasion of Greece, the Phoenicians were the first to show the proper way of executing the work, by making the banks of their portion with a slope; while, as

Herodotus relates, the other nations dug them upright, and they consequently fell in.

Colour and Perfume of Flowers.—From experiments made by MM. Schöeler and Köhler, of Tubingen, it appears that white flowers are the most numerous, in creation, and the most odoriferous; and to those succeed the red flowers.

Travels of a Dead Man's Head.—Sometime after the death of the celebrated Swedenbourg, about twenty years ago, one of his disciples came to England, and by bribing the sexton, gained admittance to the ceme'ery, where his body was deposited. Here, at midnight, he broke open the coffin, and severed the head from the trunk, with the former of which he safely decamped to his own country. This relic he preserved with the greatest veneration till his death, when it was discovered by his surviving relatives; and from some written document, the whole circumstance was developed. His friends, being desirous of atoning in some measure for the sins of him who had been guilty of so great a crime, caused the head to be forth-with transmitted to this country, with a request that the coffin might be re-opened for the purpose of ascertaining if it were the identical head of the saint, and if so, that it may be restored to its original situation. In compliance with this request, the coffin was opened, and the above story proved to be perfectly correct, the trunk only of a skeleton presenting itself to the astonished eyes of those around. The head was accordingly re-interred with due solemnity, in the presence of the Elders of the Church.

Rather a Strong Claim.—When Nelson obtained his first pension of £1000 per annum, the memorial, which, as a matter of form, it was necessary that he should present to the king, stated that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and three actions with frigates—in six engagements against batteries, and ten sections in boats employed in cutting out of harbours, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns; that he had served on shore with the army four months—and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi; that he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes, and taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels; that he had been actually engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times; and had lost, in the service, his right eye and arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body.